

The Family Man's Hardest Problem

and at the same time the most important one is the building of a suitable home. So much depends on the environment of the children that every precaution should be taken for their comfort and health. Sunlight and fresh air in the home is necessary—uniform temperature and humidity is also necessary. These things and many more have come down to us through generations—generations when the home was the making of our Nation and the material used in most of those homes was good American wood—sometimes crudely cut, but always given the preference because of its fitness to health and comfort. Our yard today contains the same kind of lumber, but more perfectly cut and finished so that the work required of the carpenters has been reduced to the minimum. We want to show it to you and explain how you can use it profitably.

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WOODROW WILSON

The Story of His Life
From the Cradle to
the White House

By WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

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CHAPTER III.

Off to College.

THE Wilsons moved from Augusta to Columbia, S. C., in the autumn of 1870. The Rev. Dr. Wilson resigning his pastorate in order to become a professor in the Southern Presbyterian Theological seminary. His chair was that of pastoral and evangelistic theology. He retained it four years.

Tom appears to have retreated here into the more exciting scenes of an imaginative life. He forsook in mind the streets of the commonplace town and the dreary banks of the Congaree and adventured forth in search of exploits in faroff lands. All boys do something of the sort, but there can be no doubt that in the case of this young dreamer the exercise of imagination was constant and vivid and that during a great part of his days he lived, so far as his mind was concerned, in one or another of the various characters which he had invented and assumed.

Thus for many months he was an admiral of the navy and in that character wrote out daily reports to the navy department. His main achievement in this capacity was the discovery and destruction of a nest of pirates in the southern Pacific ocean. It appears that the government, along with all the people of the country, had been terrified by the mysterious disappearance of ships setting sail from or expected at our western ports. Admiral Wilson was ordered to investigate with his fleet. After an eventful cruise they overtook one night a piratical looking craft with a black hull and rakish rig. Again and again the chase eluded the admiral. Finally the pursuit led the fleet to the neighborhood of an island uncharted and hitherto unknown. Here lay the ships of the outlawed enemy and the dismantled hulls of many of their victims. And it may be believed that the brave American tars, under the leadership of the redoubtable admiral, played a truly heroic part in the destruction of the pirates.

There are two things worth noting about this story: First, the length of time—several months—in which the boy lived the greater part of his waking hours in the character which he had invented, and, second, the verisimilitude with which the details relating to the great adventure were set forth in the daily reports.

About this time Woodrow was reading Cooper's sea tales and Marryat's yarns, and, though he had never seen a ship in his life—never even seen the ocean—he knew every particular of every class of type of sailing ship, the name, place and use of every spar, sheet and shroud.

At Columbia Woodrow, as he began now to be commonly called, attended the school kept by Mr. Charles Heyward Barnwell. But his real education continued to be conducted by his father.

He was now approaching the age for college. In spite of his late start at books, he had rapidly qualified in the ordinary preparatory studies, and at seventeen, in the autumn of 1873, he was sent off to college.

Davidson college, in famous Mecklenburg county, N. C., is a prosperous institution now and forty years ago was a stanch school. The fact that Dr. Wilson had been approached in connection with its presidency may have had something to do with its choice for Woodrow.

Living was rather primitive; the boys kept their own rooms, filled their own lamps, for they had only kerosene; cut up and brought in the wood for their own fires and carried in water from the pump outside. Wilson's room was on the ground floor, luckily; it was rather a job to carry arm loads of wood to remote rooms on the upper floors. There still lingers at Davidson the tradition that Tom Wilson established a record in the minimum time necessary to dress, cross the campus and be in his seat when the before breakfast chapel bell stopped ringing.

Instruction at Davidson was rather better than was common at small colleges in those days. Still, it can hardly be said that Wilson received much intellectual impulse here, although he probably added something to his stock of knowledge. His college mates included a score or more who afterward made reputations in the world, perhaps the most eminent being H. B. Glenn, who became governor of North Carolina. His classmates remember nothing unusual about Wilson when at Davidson college. They say he had an open, engaging face, pleasant manners and was very generally liked. They agree that he was not very much interested in games, which then consisted of baseball and shinny. How-

ever, he played baseball for a while on the college nine and had the pleasure of hearing the captain say, "Wilson, you would make a dandy player. If you were not so d— lazy." He was a great walker and at times seemed to like to be alone, walking the country about apparently wrapped in thought. Still he was, as a rule, a very social animal and a great talker in congenial company. When the fellows repaired to his room they would generally find him curled up on the bed with a book in his hand, reading. He joined one of the literary societies, the "Eunenean."

Once a year, in February, a holiday was given to every student on which he was to plant a tree, so, whether Wilson did it to get the holiday or because he wanted to do something useful, he planted an elm on the campus at Davidson, and it stands there strong and upright today.

Early in the year a small incident in class fastened upon him a nickname. The rhetoric class being engaged upon that well known part of Trench's "English Past and Present," which sets forth (much after the manner of the Wamba in the opening chapter in "Ivanhoe") how good Saxon beasts take Norman names when they come to the table, the professor asked Woodrow, "What is calves' meat when served at table?" and received the hasty reply, "Mutton!" Wilson was "Monsieur Mouton" for the rest of the year.

Indeed, he did not finish the year, for he fell ill just before the examinations came on and was taken to his home, then at Wilmington, N. C., to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church to which city Dr. Wilson had just been called.

Woodrow remained in his father's house at Wilmington throughout the year 1874-5. It had been determined that he should not return to Davidson, but should go to Princeton, and he spent the year tutoring in Greek and a few other studies.

In truth, there was a good deal of play done that year too. The boy had grown too fast and was hardly fit for the rigid schedule of college life. So he "took it easy." Wilmington was an old and historic place. It was a seaport; for the first time Woodrow saw a ship and caught the smell of the sea. Talk was still full of the adventures of the blockade runners of the war lately ended, Wilmington having been a favorite port of the desperate men and swift ships that then made so many gallant chapters of sea history. What imaginative youth from the interior but would have haunted the docks and made an occasional trip down to the cape, to return with the pilot of an outgoing ship.

For the first time here, too, the young man began to take part in the social life which is so important an element of existence in the south. He was really too young for the associations into which he was now thrown, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson immediately achieving devoted popularity, the paragonage swiftly becoming a social rendezvous of the city. It was a city of gentlemen of good company and women who would have been esteemed brilliant the world over.

It was a chap very different from the raw youth of Davidson who one day in September, 1875, took the "Washington and Weldon" train for the north to enter Princeton college.

CHAPTER IV.

A Student at Princeton.

WHEN Woodrow Wilson got on the train at the little station in Princeton early in September, 1875, one of 134 newcomers, he found himself in a charming old town of maples, elms and catalpas, among which stood the college buildings, dating, one of them, back to 1756.

The place, full of traditions of the Revolutionary war, had been a favorite resort of southern students up to 1861. The first war had battered the front of Old Nassau hall, and the second had done more substantial if less picturesque damage in withdrawing from the institution a large part of its southern patronage. The south could ill afford to send its young men far away to college now. This year, indeed, there came twenty men from the southern states. It is remembered that some of these youths needed reconstruction.

Wilson is remembered in no such way. He was known as a Democrat of stout opinions from the day he first opened his mouth on the campus, but no recollection remains of his having displayed any sectional passion. A classmate remembers, however, that on one occasion when a group of fellows were talking of the misfortunes that follow in the wake of war Wilson, who was in the group, cried out, "You know nothing whatsoever about it!" and with face as white as a sheet of paper abruptly left the company.

All testimony goes to indicate that Tom Wilson immediately took his place as a leader in the class. He appeared as a young fellow of great maturity of character, blended with unusual freshness of interest in all things pertaining to college life. He had the manners of a young aristocrat. His speech was cultured. He soon won the reputation of already wide reading and sound judgment. There is abundant evidence that he was from the start a marked figure among the men who now constitute the "famous class of '79." There have been more famous Princeton graduates than these, but there has never been a class of so high an average of ability. Robert Bridges, one of the editors of Scribner's Magazine; the Rev. Dr. A. S. Halsey, secretary of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions; Charles A. Talbot, M. C.; Mahlon Pittney, justice of the supreme court of the United States; Robert H. McCarter, ex-attorney gen-

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eral of New Jersey; Edward W. Snedden, president of the United States Trust company; Colonel Edwin A. Stevens of New Jersey and Judge Robert B. Henderson of Maryland are only typical members of a class of unusual mental capacity. Among such men Wilson from the start ranked high.

Not as a student perhaps. He was never a bright particular star in examinations. Princeton graduated as "honor men" such students as had maintained throughout their four years' course an average of 90 per cent. Not less than forty-two out of the 122 graduates of '79 were "honor men." Wilson barely got in among them. He ranked forty-first.

The fact is that this son of clergymen and editors hadn't come to school to pass through a standardized curriculum and fill his head with the knowledge proscribed in a college catalogue. He had come to prepare himself for a particular career, and before he had been at Princeton three months he had finally determined on what that career should be.

The class historian, Harold (Pete) Godwin, celebrating the advent in Princeton of the members of the class that graduated in '79, declares that on arrival "Tommy Wilson rushed to the library and took out Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason.'"

To the library Tommy Wilson unquestionably did rush, but not to read of pure reason. If ever there was a student who demanded facts, concrete subjects, applied reason, it was this same Wilson, even in his college days.

The truth is that, prowling in the alcoves of the Chancellor Green library, new then, one day early in the term the boy stopped at the head of the south stairs, where the bound magazines were kept, and his hand fell upon a file of the Gentleman's Magazine, that ancient and respectable repository of English literature which Dr. Samuel Johnson had helped to start away back in the middle of the eighteenth century, with his reports of parliamentary debates. When Johnson lay on his deathbed he declared that his only compensation was those parliamentary reports, for, of course, they were "fakes."

Now, it happened that in the seventies the editor of the day, feeling round for an attractive feature, hit upon the idea of resuming the parliamentary reports. Accordingly there began in the number for January, 1874, a series of articles entitled "Men and Manner in Parliament," by "The Member For the Chiltern Hundreds."

Thomas Woodrow Wilson happened to pick up this volume of the Gentleman's Magazine and to turn to the pages occupied by "Men and Manner in Parliament"—and from that moment his life plan was fixed.

It was an era of brilliant parliamentary history. There were giants in those days—John Bright, Disraeli, Gladstone, Earl Granville, Vernon Harcourt. The personnel of the house of commons had never been more picturesque, the atmosphere more electric.

(Continued next week)

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In answering advertisements please mention this paper.

ATTENDED ASSESSORS' MEETING

County Assessor John Johnson and County Commissioner J. M. Waneke attended the annual meeting of the county assessors of Nebraska at Lincoln on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, the meeting being with

the state board of equalization. They informed The Herald that they intended to look on an early day in the legislative capital city and see a little of the legislative grind.

Don't overlook the value of the want ads on page 3.

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